

her stirring the strawberries, sugar and pectin, pouring the hot, bubbly stuff into the awful-hot jars, her sweating, telling me to pay attention, watch now, so you can make your own jam when you're grown, and I'd say, oh no, when I'm grown I'll buy my jam at the store. I wanted my summer freedom when grown from all that busy-ness with pots and jars, a June of days of my own choosing, never thinking for one minute that a time would come when I'd want more than anything just one of those jars of strawberry jam she stacked on the window sill, just one of those hot, steamy ruby-sweet sparkling jewels cooling off in the white June sun.

#### IN THE SHADOW OF RASPBERRY PIES

Rock 'n' roll drove my father crazy made him curse modern society and grind his teeth. My mother either in spite of him or to spite him loved it, bought the latest hit every week to play on the 45 record player in the den where she'd teach me the jitterbug to "Tutti Frutti" and "Roll With Me Henry" and I'd teach her the Bop to "Ain't That a Shame" and "Don't Be Cruel," me imagining to be the winner of a rock 'n' roll tv dance contest, James Dean my dance partner.

Then at five when my father arrived home from work he played his Classics, his "Desert Song," Strauss waltzes, and Mario Lanza, boxed 45s the color of raspberry pies, and he'd sing his Texas baritone along with Lanza's "La Donna Mobile" while my mother and I fixed supper, me imagining to be a princess waltzing "The Blue Danube" with a prince, and my mother saying, even though my father was only 2 years older than she, "That old fogey."